

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.—Official forecasts for to-day indicate fair weather; warmer.

What threatens to be beyond comparison the greatest labor strike ever seen in the United States has been ordered. The coal miners of ten States are involved, and it is predicted that they will be joined by other wage workers until the number of men directly concerned in this demand for better wages will reach half a million. Should the contest between employers and employees be prolonged it is not to be foreseen how widely the strike will spread through sympathy. Many factors have contributed toward the solidarity of labor, but the movement has been greatly strengthened by the hard times of the past three years. The tendency everywhere is necessarily toward lower wages, and the acute discontent thus engendered among large masses of industrious men is a tinder ready to take fire from any spark.

This simultaneous revolt of the coal miners of ten States is no spark. It is a fire of imposing dimensions, which, unless checked at the start, may become a terrible conflagration. Moreover, accident has nothing to do with the uprising. The miners have been deliberate in their preparations, and gave warning weeks in advance of their intention to engage in the struggle upon which they have now entered.

No thoughtful man, caring either for his country or his own interests, can view the situation as it exists at this moment in the coalregions of Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Tennessee, Alabama, Iowa and Kentucky without the gravest apprehensions. Behind every effect there is a cause, and behind this gigantic strike lie industrial conditions which are a menace to the Republic. The miners declare that if they continue to work at the wages now given them they and their families must go without not merely the comforts, but some of the necessities of life. They say that if starvation is to be their fate without striking, they may as well starve while doing what they can to better their lot in the future. The mine operators, on the other hand, assert that they cannot pay more wages and do business at a profit. The miners aver that low as is the money return they receive for mining a ton of coal, they are cheated in its measurement by screens of illegal width, and by being compelled to trade at the "company stores" and live in "company houses" exorbitant prices and rents are wrung from them, the penalty for refusal to submit being discharge. In these complaints the miners are supported by the reports of investigating legislative committees. It is pleaded that an operator who does not resort to these devices of extortion is at a twenty per cent disadvantage in competing with the operator who does. But whatever the causes, it is self-evident that over a considerable portion of the working population is living so near the edge of starvation that desperation has become chronic. To live for contentment, home building, the proper education and up-bringing of children—to look for good citizenship from these conditions is to expect to gather figs from thistles. A magazine ready to explode and do infinite mischief has been prepared, and there is ample reason to fear that the explosion is at hand.

What is to be done? The usual manner of dealing with strikes is to leave the parties to them to fight it out—to do nothing. On the average that is a safe enough plan. But in this instance the battle ground is too vast, the multitude of workers too enormous for the strike not to become a question of public moment, calling for intervention from the outside in order that justice may be served and the peace preserved. It is less a strike than an insurrection, and the whole nation has a vital interest in it.

The off-hand dictum that the workman has a right to quit his employment if it does not suit him, and that should he attempt to prevent another workman from taking his place he can be left for the police to deal with, will be heard again from many quarters. But that easy fashion of treating the conflict between labor and capital, when the conflict becomes a colossal struggle in ten States, will not answer. It is as shallow as it is heartless, and dangerous besides. Men are men, and when they move together by the half million in the belief that they are battling in defense of food and shelter for their wives and children and themselves, they reason neither as lawyers would nor as well-fed and prosperous and selfish persons are prone to do when the needs, the misery of others offend their small minds by obtruding. The teachings of experience are not to be ignored, and from what has so often happened in strikes of a smaller order, it is to be accepted as exceedingly probable, if not certain, that this contest, if it shall endure for any length of time, will be marked by deeds of widespread destruction and violence. That the employers are of this opinion is proved by the influx of large numbers of detectives to the disturbed regions. Let the destruction and violence begin, and then we shall have the militia, the Federal troops, and scenes of bloodshed unparalleled.

Every man of sense, every man with a heart, cannot but feel that civilization owes something to these desperate workmen; that it owes to itself and the order which is necessary to its existence, to support all efforts that can be made to arrest this stupendous strike and save the country from a repetition of the Homestead horror upon a vaster scale.

To the Journal it seems that the Government at Washington has a plain and immediate duty, one that makes as loud a demand upon its thought and energies as riot would make for the troops it would not, and could not, hesitate to send. The President is a believer in arbitration. He has now under consideration the draft of another act by which arbitration in the event of strikes arising out of labor disputes is made a permanent feature of our industrial life.

A domestic quarrel embracing ten of the States of the Union and threatening their peace, and possibly that of other States, as it is to guard against some unseen, improbable foreign war in the future. The Congress of the United States could do no more patriotic and useful and humane thing than to drop the tariff for a day and invite the mine owners and their hundreds of thousands of revolted men to arbitrate their disputes. And the President of the United States might, with entire propriety, and to the increase of his dignity, address himself to the same object. Mr. McKinley cannot but feel that this tremendous labor uprising is a matter of national importance, and that it would be wicked and a shame and peril to the Republic to let it progress to still larger proportions, and degenerate into public tumult requiring the army for its suppression, when there is at least a reasonable chance that friendly and timely action by the President might induce the controlling forces to submit their respective claims to the judgment of an impartial tribunal.

Whether Congress or the President shall move or not, there are sure to be efforts made to bring about arbitration. The American people will demand that this road be taken. A strike of the dimensions of this one it would be blind folly to call a private trouble, properly involving only the mine owners and the miners. The country has suffered quite enough from paralyzed industry and trade, it has undergone too much self-denial and privation from hard times, and has had its fortitude and patience tried too sorely to endure with calmness an obstinacy on either side to the quarrel that would stay its adjustment on equitable ground. The country is feverish elsewhere than in Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Tennessee, Alabama, Iowa and Kentucky. If prosperity is to be had, at least we ought to be spared a mighty labor war, with all its appalling menaces.

Public opinion will have a good deal to say about this strike and its duration. Arbitration will be proposed, and it may be taken for granted that the arbitrators offered will be men of such repute as to command confidence in their capacity and fairness. Then the mine owners and their men will be asked to come before this court of equity and give their reasons for the stand which each side has taken. It is our belief that the public, in its anxiety for the larger welfare of society, will not permit sympathy to go out to either contestant where either can be shown to be in the wrong. If the operators are able to prove that they are doing the best they can afford to do by the miners, then public opinion will be with the operators. If the men are able to show that they are underpaid and plundered by employers able to make reasonable profits by fair dealing, then public opinion will be with the strikers, and that public opinion will go a long way toward determining the outcome of the strike. And if either side shall refuse to accept arbitration, that side will stand condemned and justly held responsible for the persistence of the struggle, with all its baleful consequences.

The Journal respectfully calls upon President McKinley to take the initiative in recommending arbitration, in the interest of labor, in the interest of capital, in the interest of justice and peace, and for the sake of the national well-being.

THE TAX ON SECURITIES.

Senator Lodge is on the right track in his proposed tax on bond and stock transfers, but the scheme needs to be perfected in its details before it can be considered entirely satisfactory in its operations. In addition to the taxes on the first issues of securities, which are expected to produce the greater part of the revenue looked for from this source, but which need not be considered now, it is proposed to charge two cents per \$100 share on every transfer of stock. If all shares of all stocks were of the same value this would represent exact justice. In the present condition of the markets, however, it would operate, like Republican taxes in general, to favor rich and prosperous enterprises at the expense of struggling ones. Chemical Bank stock, for instance, is worth \$4,000 per share; the stock of the Grouse Mine, in Colorado, is worth three cents. An investment of \$4,000 in Chemical stock under the proposed law would pay the Government two cents; for the same investment in Grouse stock the internal revenue stamps would cost \$2,866.66. In the former case the tax would be the one two-thousandth of one per cent of the value of the stock; in the latter it would be 66.66 per cent. If some arrangement could be devised by which the tax could be approximately proportioned to the values of the stocks, the injustice of the present plan would be corrected. There would still remain, however, the problem of preventing evasions, and in view of the prevalence even now of the custom of leaving the nominal title to stocks with the brokers who handle them, without formal transfers, it is hard to see just how that difficulty is to be surmounted.

Outside of the Sun's columns the only genuine and trustworthy cable dispatches are the independent and original examples that appear in the Journal and Evening Post.—From the Sun.

The Journal's readers have long known that its cable news is the most complete, accurate and reliable furnished by any paper in this country. The Sun's recognition is creditable to its sense of fairness and justice.

In selecting Canton as the place in which to spend a quiet Fourth of July the President exercised much better judgment than he does in making some of his appointments to office. Since the 4th of March Canton has been bubbling over with tranquillity.

With Broker Chapman serving a term in jail, Captain Chapman making life in the Tenderloin disagreeable and Candidate Chapman heading the ticket of the Ohio Democrats it would seem that the Chapman family is very much in evidence this year.

Secretary Gage has recommended a change in the Civil Service law which would place \$250,000 worth of patronage at his disposal. For a man who went to Washington shouting civil service reform at the top of his voice Mr. Gage is getting along rapidly.

The reappearance of the Canton (Ohio) date line will remind the people of a great many pledges made on a certain memorable lawn in that town. Canton's greatness, however, will in the future be merely of the stop over variety.

Senator Hanna has exerted his powerful influence to get a bill desired by the coal miners of Pennsylvania passed by the Legislature of that State. It will be remembered that Senator Hanna's own coal mines are in Ohio.

Minister Woodford is to invade the Spanish Court with much good lace and fluffy feathers. With such additions to his able side whiskers Minister Woodford ought to make a lasting impression on the Spanish.

Hon. Arthur Pue Gorman is to be sincerely congratulated on the performances of his colleague in the Senate. The work of returning the State of Maryland to the Democratic fold goes merrily on.

A Shot at Title Lovers.

AN ESTEEMED contemporary prints a portrait of her whom the irreverent Briton has a reprehensible habit of designating colloquially as "The Old Lady." But the esteemed editor does not so designate her—his simple American manhood and republican spirit will not admit that she is a lady. So he contents himself with labelling the portrait "Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria." This incident raises an important question.

Important Question Raised By This Incident: Is it better to be a subject and a man, or a citizen and a flunkie?—to own the sway of a "gory tyrant" and retain one's self-respect, or dwell, a sovereign elector, in the land of liberty and disgrace?

However it may be customary for English newspapers to designate the English sovereign—and I worked on them too long to find out—they are at least not addicted to geophony in designating the rulers of other countries than their own. They would not say "His Abrahamic Humpdumptness Emperor William," nor "His Raw-gust Pestilency Speaker Reed." They would not think of calling even the most ornately self-bemadomed American sovereign elector "His Badgesty."

Of a foreign nobleman they do not say "His Lordship"; they will not admit that he is a lord, nor when speaking of their own noblemen do they spell "lord" with a capital L, as we do. In brief, when mentioning foreign dignitaries of whatever rank in their own countries the English press is almost and servilely descriptive: The king is a king, the queen a queen, the jack a jack. We use "another kind of common sense."

At the very foundation of our political system lies the denial of hereditary and artificial rank. Our fathers created this Government as a protest against all that and all that it implies. They virtually declared that kings and noblemen could not breathe here, and no American loyal to the principles of the Revolution which made him one will ever say in his own country "Your Majesty" or "Your Lordship"—the words would choke him, and they ought. Yet when a foreign nobleman's brow puts him to shore the American ship is picked in brine to welcome him; and if he come not in adequate quantity those of us who can afford the expense go swarming over the sea to struggle for front places in his attention. It should be said in mitigation that all this delicious abasement in no degree tempers our rancor against the system of which he is the flower and fruit, nor against every act and utterance of his Government. We keep our servility sweet by preserving it in the salt of vilification. In the character of a blatant blackguard the American snob feels that he is so happily disguised that he does not know himself.

Americans are not all like that; there are a few of us who keep the faith—who do not bow the knee to Raal—who hold fast to what is high and good in the doctrine of political equality—in whose hearts the altar-fires of rational liberty are kept aglow, becoming the darkness of that illimitable lane where their countrymen, inaccessible to the light, wander witless in the bogs of political unreason, alternately adoring and denouncing the man-made gods of their own state. Of that bright band fueling the baldest of political consistency I cannot profess myself a member in good standing. In view of this general recognition and treason to the principles that our fathers established by the sword—having in constant observation this almost universal hostility to the solemn nonsense of hereditary rank and unearned distinction, my faith in practical realization of republican ideals is small and I falter in the work of their maintenance in the interest of a people for whom they are too good.

Seeing that we are immune from none of the evils besetting monarchies, excepting those for which we secretly yearn; that inequality of fortune and unjust allotment of honors are as conspicuous among us as elsewhere; that the tyranny of individuals is as intolerable and that of the public more so; that the law's majesty is a dream and its failure a fact—hearing everywhere the footfalls of disorder and the watchwords of anarchy, I despair of the republic, and catch in every breeze that blows "a cry prophetic of its fall."

I have seen a vast crowd of Americans change color like a field of waving grain as it uncovered to do such base homage to a petty foreign princess as in her own country she had never received. Less than a year ago an astonishing spectacle was witnessed daily in the great republican city of New York—an Asiatic nobleman borne in his chair of state by American freemen in the uniform of their office. This disgraceful pageant was observed with applause by enthusiastic thousands; so far as I know, mine was the only voice raised in deprecation and rebuke. When again it shall be my ill fortune to witness such sights as these, then

Wait me from the harbor's mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

Yes, I am an imperfectly steadfast believer in the maturity of the time for republican government, in the magic of institutions, in the efficacy of glittering platitudes to stay the tide of human servility. But I am an American, and whenever my tongue shall concede the majesty or lordship of any mortal, or my cheek fall to burn at the sound of its concession by my countrymen, may I be chased across the graves of my critics by the skeletons of my enemies!

Director Holden, of the famous Lick Observatory, the illustrious discoverer of the Moon, has again looked horns with one of his subordinates. Sideral time drags a rifle at the summit of Mount Hamilton, and the Lick director claims it away by tormenting the less distinguished astronomers of his entourage. In the pursuit of this happiness he has already accomplished the discovery of Professor Barnham and Barnard, who gave the observatory all the character and standing that it ever had, barring the trifling fever of notoriety following his own remarkable work in charting the electrical lights of San Jose.

I do not remember if I have ever related in print another great discovery of Director Holden—besides that of the Moon. One day he strode into the professor's of the institution and said to the chief of the observatory: "Gentlemen, I have to announce to you that last evening I discovered a most remarkable star encircled with two bright rings. The first point of Aries being below the horizon and the equinoctial line obscured by a light fog, I was unable to determine the star's right ascension and declination, but it appears to be about fifteen feet above Gilroy. I have not as yet decided on a suitable name for it, but thought of calling it Tanpore; perhaps you will favor me with a suggestion." After solemn congratulations and handshaking all round Professor Barnham gravely proposed that the star be named Saturn—a suggestion which his discoverer was finally persuaded to accept.

SOCIAL FLOWERS THAT BLOOM ON THE TURF.

YOUTH is always attractive. It is especially so among the racing chappies. There is no other place where the safety valve of exuberance opens quite so wide as on the turf. There is no other place where the itching tooth of speculation is cut so quickly or so effectively. There is no other place where the adolescent sport can have his measure taken so readily and so exactly. And his money usually goes with his measure.

Certain chappies that I know are fully aware of the percentage against them in betting with the bookmakers, but they keep at the game just for the sensation of gambling. They have money, but it is in moderation, and at the end of the racing season, when they view the balance against them, dismiss it as so much lure expended for amusement. By and by they tire of it and desert the race track. Very few of the high rollers of a dozen years ago are to be seen regularly on the turf to-day.

But with every Spring there comes a new crop of squabs. The bookmakers call them "squakers," but the bookmakers are ungrateful and needlessly contemptuous in the insolence of their gains. Squabs is the better term. It is less harsh and more suggestive of tenderness.

Last year saw several squabs that are not in evidence this Summer. The bookmakers never permitted them to grow beyond the pin-feather period. When a bookmaker is hungry, and he is usually that way, he never makes two bites at a cherry. Few squabs escape his rapacious maw.

Of course there are some exceptions. Willie Laimbeer is in his second season and is flying strong. Arthur White is still on the wing, but he is not flaunting the sun in his flight. "Long Lou" and "Little Billie" Thompson have had all they want of it after a short year's play at the game. Frank and "Tommy" Hitchcock have a stable of jumpers, but the former occupies the stewards' stand and the latter favors the clubhouse and the paddock rather than the betting ring. W. Astor Chanler has a racing stable, but his betting book is the most insignificant part of his inconspicuous turf outfit.

"Foxie" Keene has soared on the turf, although he had the astute backing of his father. "Rob" Beard has sold out and quit and Frank Reed is singing but a small song in comparison with the pean of joy that he was intoning two years ago. Freddie Gebhard's colors, that once had a public following throughout the land, are seen no more. Berry Wall wanders now as a ghost, where once the high born followed in his wake for favors dispensed.

But I am not going into the dead and dusty past. There are dry bones enough in the present. August Belmont, president of the Jockey Club, and head and front of horse racing in America, makes his turf expenses simply because he refuses to bet. At least, that is what the Jockey Club bird says. Alfred Hennen Morris never goes within sight or hearing of the betting ring, and yet he looks as though sorrow sat daily on his doorstep, so heavily do his few years in horse racing weigh upon him. The responsibility of owning The Friar and of employing Littlefield as a jockey is gradually crushing the life out of the head of the Morris stable. Marcus Daly has expended thousands of dollars only to conclude that he is working for his trainers. The Fieleschmanns would probably be broke if it were not that the profit on yeast more than offsets the loss on racing. Bustling Billy Arkell, with the accent on the "Ark" when he wins and the emphasis on the "ell" when he loses, is the luckiest man in the world, but racing will show in the long run whether he is really Fortune's favorite child.

And so I might go on to the end of the list of gentlemen engaged in horse-racing without finding an instance where permanent success and conspicuous profit were attained without resorting to the practices of the gambler. What chance, then, has the poor moth that daily scorches its wings in the silly but pitiable effort to win money at the races?

It was not to preach a sermon that I turned to the races. Sermons count for nothing with chappies of sporting blood. They must learn by experience, if they ever learn. The subject of horse-racing among the chappies attracted me because this season has seen a new figure in the paddock and club house. It is a figure that has come with the intention of staying, and from the cut of his jib I think that he is likely to accomplish his purpose unless the soulless Goddess of Gain seduces him from ownership to gambling.

This interesting young gentleman is Mr. Elliott Channing Cowdin, master of the Maplehurst Farms, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.; proprietor of the Maplehurst stables and daily attendant of the races at Sheepshead Bay. Mr. Cowdin is of the Harvard class of '86, and therefore has not yet had time to paralyze the racing world with the brilliancy of his turf achievements. But he is studying and planning to that end. He is going in for the whole thing—from breeding to racing, and money is no object when he wants a brood mare, yearling or horse in training. He spends most of his time in the paddock on racing days, and he is always studying the points of some animal. That is what he was doing the other day when the photographer snapped him for the excellent likeness that illustrates this description. Mr. Cowdin is not exactly what one would call a pretty boy, but there is a manly swing to his walk that assures one that he is fully aware that beauty is but skin deep. The wrinkles in his trousers also indicate his contempt for that affectation of creases and fancy shirts that is just now so rampant on the turf and that embroils jockeys, trainers, and even touts. It is this supreme indifference to matters that occupy the brains of other



Foxie Keene's Sensational Hat.

race track people that has won my entire admiration for Mr. Cowdin. I think that any man that can combine such loftiness and independence of intellect with red hair, a reticent nose, a florid complexion, a well-rounded figure and a charming nonchalance is bound to succeed. Therefore I do here and now tip Elliott Channing Cowdin as the coming man of the turf. In another year or so the Maplehurst colors will be to the fore, the Maplehurst yearlings will occupy the attention of buyers, and the master of Maplehurst himself will care less than ever about the fit of his coat or the crease in his trousers.

We were all thrown into an unnecessary fright the other day by the announcement from London that "Tum Tum," the Prince of Wales, had adopted a white and fuzzy high hat. That meant that we must follow suit and the style was not becoming to some of us. Hence the flutter. It turns out now, however, that "Tum Tum" top piece is not so high or so fuzzy as at first reported, and we are again happy. Our home chappies are not so considerate. C. Albert Stevens has been to the polo games in a sombrero; William C. Whitney sports a marvellous gray coaching hat; Tommy Hitchcock has the nerve to wear a wide-brimmed drab thing that he must have brought up from Aiken, S. C., and there are all sorts of oddities in straw on exhibition at outings. But the very peachiest hat of this whole season is owned and worn by Foxhall Keene. It is made of Panama straw and shaped like an exaggerated Peconic with very wide brim, high crown and broad black band. When "Foxie" turned up at Sheepshead the other day with this delicious confection he created a commotion that made us forget all about the Prince of Wales's fuzzy.

The Journal's Notable Service.

It Has No Precedent.
From the Journalist.
The marvellous achievement of the New York Journal this week in connection with the Goldensuppe murder discovery will go down in history as the greatest journalistic triumph of a generation. It was a veritable newspaper holocaust. It was a victory in the progress of modern journalism that challenges comparison, in that it has no precedent. A clear, clean-cut sweep on an exclusive "beat" on all other newspapers of this land; an incomparable benefit to the masses; an exalted public service; and a colossal object lesson to a crime-ridden community, this victorious exploit will ring through the corridors of time as a beacon example of the enterprise and conscientiousness of the American people. Scott, if ye will, ye envious carpers, of the methods of this so-called "new journalism," but the pens of the old-time sanctum will long be pained in the yearning abyss of futility, and crumble into dust ere they can ever chronicle the glory of such a worthy consummation as that which William R. Hearst's modest sheet quickly achieved, and yielded the populace during the past six-score hours!

A Triumph of Journalism.

From the Philadelphia Item.
The value of the press as a detector of crime has frequently been demonstrated, and the unearthing of the mystery connected with the dismembered body found in New York a few days ago is another triumph for journalism over the police department.
When the portions of the dismembered body were found the police seemed to be completely baffled. The police began the orizing: the newspapers picked up the clues and began running them out. The New York Journal was particularly active, and through its influence those to whom the clues pointed as being connected with the murder were arrested.
The quickness with which a crime so mysterious and so ghastly was run down shows that the press is frequently more powerful than the police in detecting the guilty and in bringing them to punishment.

Credit Due the Journal.

From the St. Louis Republic.
The great East River murder mystery has been solved. There is yet much work ahead for the police, but the main facts are known.
The victim, it is now known, was William Goldensuppe, a masseur employed in the Murray Hill Turkish bath establishment. Credit for the identification of the mutilated portions of the body, found at widely separated points in the river, is due to the New York Journal, whose keen-eyed reporters solved the mystery and succeeded to-day in capturing the woman in the case, who, it is believed by the police, either inspired or actually committed the crime.

Proof Enough Furnished.

From the Washington Post.
Mr. Hearst may be a head, a lung, a couple of limbs, a liver and a few other portions of anatomy shy, but he has produced a sufficiency of corpus delicti and corroborated evidence in that murder mystery to cause Mr. Pulitzer's insomnia to work overtime. Mr. Pulitzer offered \$500 for the first correct solution of the New York murder mystery, and unless he backs down Mr. Hearst will be that much better off.

The World's Comical Claim.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.
The tragedy drama of the Goldensuppe murder in New York is somewhat relieved by the low comedy of the World. That newspaper was badly beaten by its enterprising rival, the Journal, in the developments following the finding of the dismembered parts of the murdered man's body, and its efforts are now directed to casting doubts upon the facts brought out by investigation. To-day the World boldly puts forth the comical claim on its editorial page that the credit for the facts disclosed, facts which it questions on its local page, belonged to the publication by the World of a picture of the wounded finger of the victim. It is fortunate for the readers of the World that their favorite paper had no hand in tracing the crime to an abandoned woman and her paramour. What the World would print if such had been the case, one shudders to think of.

The Merry Jest.

"Is she wealthy?"
"I suppose she has enough to make her pretty the rest of her days."—Detroit Journal.
"I think a woman should always allow some one else to choose her husband."
"What is your reason?"
"So she won't have to blame herself if he doesn't turn out well."—Chicago Record.
"That Binks youngster is the most indefatigable Sunday-school worker I ever saw."
"Sunday-school worker?"
"Yes; he has been to seven church picnics already this year."—Chicago Record.
"After my experience with Tom Reed," said the Populist Congressman, "my wife will have no terror for me."
"But I don't see the comparison," quoth his friend.
"Then you don't know my wife. She never lets me get a word in edgeways."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
They met at the masquerade ball.
He was attired in black and wore horns and hoofs.
She personated Aurora, the goddess of the dawn.
"And you want tell me who you are?" she said, tapping him with her fan. "Imp of darkness!"
"Imp of lightness!" he replied, bowing low.
The music broke loose again, and in the wild whirl of the dancing through the two were separated.—Chicago Tribune.
His Theory.
"A great many women marry men for the purpose of reforming them," remarked the observant citizen.
"I suppose so," replied the man who was reluctantly writing a check, "but sometimes they misjudge a man. Now that you remind me of it, I believe my wife unjustly suspected me of the habit of saving too much money."—Washington Star.
The Merry Jest.
"She calls you a serpent."
"Just because she can't pull my leg."
In fine, whatever the exigencies of the present occasion, it remained a fact that the general run of serpents were built that way.—Detroit Journal.
New Style of Summer.
[Detroit Tribune.]
It must be admitted that the cumulative, oo storage battery, style of Summer has its disadvantages.